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5 Times Simon Thought Raphael Was Insulting Him In Spanish (+One Time Simon Realized He Wasn't

by [lizards](#)

Summary

Raphael likes to lowkey compliment Simon, the only problem is that Simon highkey has no freaking clue what he's saying.

Notes

lil warning here: i don't speak any spanish like at alll. like, seriously, none. all of this was from google translate, so if you notice mistakes or anything just tell me

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

1).Eres bastante bueno, You're pretty good.

"Okay," Simon wiped his sweaty palms on his jeans as he gripped the guitar in his hands. "This is okay, right? I can do this. I can *totally* do this."

Clary gave him a supportive smile, placing both her hands on his shoulders. "You got this. You've done this a million times before, right? It's okay."

"Right." Simon gulped. "Except, before this, my audience wasn't a five star meal."

Simon was trying *really* hard not to freak out. It was his first gig since he became Dracula's lame

cousin, and it was kinda a big deal. Maureen had booked them at some brand new Hipster bar that was packed to the gills with way-too-cool kids that *dying* to tell him how Alternatively cool his music was. Because it was. Super, super, *super* cool, actually. It *deserved* to be video'd crappily and put on twitter. Simon wanted this to be good more than anything. He wanted to get on the stage, perform perfectly, and get a round of applause loud enough to make the house shake. He wanted to make people *dance*. He just wanted this small piece of his old life back. Just something...*normal*.

He had drank enough blood to make his stomach swish uncomfortably around before he came out here, and he was good. Seriously. He could do this.

"Tonight we have some musical entertainment for you guys!" Says a dude with a beanie and a flannel onstage. "Coming up is The Broken Chairs!"

Clary gave Simon a confused look and raised her eyebrows. "The Broken Chairs?"

"Its new." Simon says with a shrug.

Clary smiled, a real true smile. "It's good, Simon. You guys are good. I'll be front row," She pointed to a table where Jace, Izzy, and a *highly* begrudged looking Alec sat. "Go kill it!"

Simon bit back the *not literally, hopefully* growing in his throat and took to the stage. He stared out at the crowd with a thick swallow. "Uh, hey. We're The Broken Chairs, and we're here to play music and stuff." The crowd clapped, some people laughed, and okay. Okay. He could do this. Maureen smiled at him and counted down 3,2,1...

Simon just kinda lost himself. He played the songs he knew, singing the words he and Maureen had written and committed to memory. It felt...*natural*. It was probably the first time he had felt sane in a really, really long time. Around the third song he started looking out to the crowd, and hey, they actually looked like they liked it. Some people were dancing, some people were videoing, and others were trying desperately to look too-cool and was just bouncing their head along to the music.

Then, Simon noticed him.

Sitting at a table nearly all the way in the back, Raphael sat watching Simon on stage with an locked fixed gaze. Simon stuttered his words as he sang when they made direct eye contact and had to look down to keep focused on the words. What the hell was he *doing* here?

By the time his set was up, Simon was having a harder and harder time *not* looking at Raphael. He just sat there with a beer in front of him he wasn't drinking and stared up at Simon with an expressionless look.

It was probably rude to leave Maureen on stage directly after their last song, and even ruder to bee-line from Clary when she called his name to go straight to Raphael who now had an amused smile playing on his lips. Simon leaned in, feeling the frown on his own face. "What are you *doing* here?"

"Making sure you don't kill anyone." Raphael rolled his eyes, annoyance practically shooting from him. "You're not a mundane anymore, baby, you could have hurt people."

If he could have, Simon thinks he might have blushed. There was that *word* again. *Baby*. Every vampire at Dumort had tagged him with it, and he seriously thinks Raphael single handedly started it just to mess with him. "I had Clary here."

"Right." Raphael gave Simon a dead look. "Because she would have stopped you."

“Jace and Alec is here too. And Izzy.” Simon frowned. “Actually, you know what? How did you find out I even had a gig here?”

Raphael leaned forward and took a *very* convincing fake drink of his beer. “You talk very loudly. Were neighbors. Unlike you, I actually *use* my enhanced skills.”

Oh. *Right*. Raphael had gave Simon the room directly next to his. Did Simon really talk that loud? “Well, since you was here, what’d you think of the set?”

“It was music.” Raphael shrugged, a very small noncommittal gesture. “Eres bastante buena.” His words was almost *dripping* with distaste.

“Wait, What? I took French in high school.” Simon frowned. “Everyone *else* thought it was pretty okay.” Something akin to amusement danced in Raphaels eyes as both his eyebrows shot toward his hairline. He smiled a little toothy half-grin and opened his mouth like he was gonna say something.

“Simon!” Maureen clapped a hand on his shoulder and twirled him around with a angry frown on her mouth. “You totally abandoned me on stage, dude! Where’d you run too?”

Simon back peddled, sputtering awkwardly. “I-I, uh, I had to talk to my friend-” He turned on his heel to introduce Raphael to Maureen only to find a beer bottle and an empty seat.

“Right.” Maureen rolled her eyes and crossed her arms. “Your friends are over *there*, Simon, and you’re supposed to be introducing me to them.” She pointed at the table where Clary sat offering Simon a pitying smile.

“Sorry, Maureen.” Simon sighed, running a hand through his hair. “I guess I just thought I saw someone.”

2. Me gusta tu sonrisa estúpida, I Like Your Stupid Smile.

Simon yawned as he laid on his bed, staring with squinted eyes at the crack of just *barely* dawn seeping through his blacked out curtains. He was exhausted. Deep down, bone tired. He doesn’t ever really remember getting this tired before he was all Vamped out. It was like a perfect timer set inside him that told him when the sun was about to rise and almost like some kind of messed up defense mechanism he just got *tired*. Simon closed his eyes and stretched out, flailing his long limbs every direction and screwing his eyes shut. Ugh, god, it’s like he just *couldn’t* get comfortable on this damn thing. He rolled over on his stomach and starfished out. No, that was wrong. Simon rolled over again, this time curling into a ball on his side. Nope; also wrong. Simon rolled over *again*, this time with the intention of laying flat on his back and crossing his arms or whatever vampires did in the movies, only to find his face becoming acquainted with the ground.

A loud yelp that sounded vaguely cat-like in manor came out before Simon could stop himself. Before he even had the chance to pick up his dignity that had fallen somewhere over by the corner and convince himself that the sound was actually *very* manly, Raphael stood above him. The bed head made his surly frown look more childish than threatening, even though he had accompanied it with a glare that could probably kill children.

“What exactly are you *doing*?” Raphael asked in an accusing tone, like it was Simons big plan to fall on his face just to annoy him.

Simon scrambled up, dusting off his trusty Captain America shirt and PJ bottoms he had Clary swipe from his house. “My best.” He answered truthfully before sitting back on the bed, tiredness

making his shoulders hang low. “I can’t get comfortable. And I’m *tired*. Do all vampires get this tired all the time?”

Something that looked vaguely like a pitying look flashed across Raphael’s face before it was gone in a second. “I thought something was *wrong*.” He shook his head and sat next to Simon. “Restlessness is normal. It wears off after the first decade. Just,” He made the motion of pushing Simon back without actually touching him. “Lay down. Stop breathing, you don’t have to and it just confuses your senses. Stop listening. Stop *fidgeting*, dios, you’re dead. Just...think of a blank wall.”

“Really?” Simon raised his eyebrows. “Thats it?”

Raphael rolled his eyes, and Simon was starting to think that was a compulsive gesture instead of on purpose. “Go to sleep.” He stood from the bed and made his way to the door. Simon only just now realized his plaid pajama bottoms and his plain t-shirt, probably the most subdued thing he had seen Raphael wear.

“Geeze, fine!” Simon laid back and closed his eyes with a smile growing on his face even though he wasn’t quiet sure why. “But if I fall off the bed again, I’m blaming you, you weird Vampire-Yoda.”

There was a short pause where Raphael stayed by the door and mumbled, “Me gusta su sonrisa estúpida,” In probably the *most* annoyed voice Simon had ever heard before zooming out and retreating back to his own room.

Simon was asleep in minutes.

3.Tienes suerte de que eres lindo, You’re lucky you’re cute.

Before all this stupid stuff started happening, before Simon died, before Clary was half angel, they stayed at each others houses almost every night. She had a drawer in his room, and he had one in hers. They decided around 15 that sharing toothbrushes was gross and they *seriously* had to stop that, So they both had permanent toiletries for each other stashed under their sinks. They stayed up all night and slept past alarms. She would draw for hours while Simon put on a movie that he *demand*ed for her to watch, and it was a certain kind of comfort between them that Simon missed.

The institute was Clarys home now, and even if Simons face wash wasn’t under her sink that didn’t mean they still couldn’t make it work.

They sat in the kitchen, Clary pouring herself a drink and Simon leaning against a counter and drinking from a thermos filled with blood. They had both agreed watching him just straight up drink it was too weird- even for them. Plus, this just felt more...normal. It made it easier to forget Simon didn’t have blood of his own pumping through his veins.

“So, I don’t know. It’s weird, and messed up, and wrong oh god, Simon, it’s *wrong* on like, too many levels to count.” Clary sighed and took a sip of her drink. “But I guess we’ll just have to get used to it, y’know? Eventually the awkwardness will fade and we’ll just be normal again.”

Simon nodded. “It might be a while, you know. Finding out your boyfriend is your brother is gonna be a little hard to deal with.”

“I just...can’t worry about it right now, you know? With so much stuff going on I just don’t have time.” She smiled then, leaning forward on the counter and raising an eyebrow. “What about you? Do you have any romance doing on in your afterlife?”

“No.” Simon answered way, *way* too quickly. Raphael’s face flashed in his mind before he stomped it down firmly.

“Uh-huh.” Clary put her drink down and crossed her arms. “That’s not very convincing, Simon.”

Someone out there *has* to be watching over him, because in that instant his phone started ringing loud and clear. He let out a breath of relief as he dug it out of his pocket, only to deplete completely at the caller ID. RAPHAEL. Of course. Of course it had to be him.

Simon mouthed *Sorry, on sec* at Clary before answering. “Hello?”

“Bed time, baby. Sun rises in an hour.” Simon became uncomfortably aware of how loud he had his phone turned up when Clary gave him a smile at the word *Baby*.

He waved her off as he followed the counter to stand next to him to listen in as he turned down the volume. “Actually, I think I’m gonna stay at Clarys.”

Silence reigned over the line for a minute. “At the institute? No. You’re not safe there.”

“What?” Simon frowned at Clary who gave him a big goofy smile and whispered *He’s so worried about you!* “No? What do you mean no? I’m staying here. I’m perfectly safe.” Simon was only slightly annoyed at himself for saying the last part.

“I mean *no*. You’re not staying the day in a house filled with people who kill people like us for a living. No. Come home.”

“...Well, when you say it like that, I sound stupid.”

“Because you’re *acting* stupid.”

“Hey!-”

“Simon.” The sternness in his voice ran a shiver down Simon’s spine. In a totally straight, super Vampire Bro way. “Tienes suerte de que eres lindo.” Anger and aggravation was seeped into every single word, and even though Simon had no clue what he was saying, he seriously doubted it was very nice. Was it wrong to feel insulted if you don’t know you’ve been insulted? “Come home, unless you have a death wish. We can talk about having little sleepovers when there *isn’t* a war brewing between shadowhunters and downworlders.”

“So, Never.”

“...Come home, baby. Don’t make me drag you.”

The line went dead along with all of Simon’s hopes and dreams. He looked up at an expectant Clary and sighed. “Sorry. I, uh, I better get back to Dumort.”

“It’s fine, Simon.” She gave him a supporting smile with sadness in her eyes. “I get it. I really do.” She hugged him, nice and firm, and pulled back with a mischievous glint in her eye.

“So....*baby*?”

“Don’t get me started.”

4. Soy demasiado viejo para ese maldito puchero, I’m too old for that damn pretty pout.

Simon stared at Raphael in open horror. Sure, they were monsters, and they did monstrous things. Sure, Raphael was a little behind on the times. Fine. That’s fine. But this? This was inexcusable.

This was life changing. This would alter everything he knew about Raphael. The very existence of their relationship was now hanging from the thinnest strand of thread possible. This couldn't be *real*.

“What do you *mean* you've never saw Back To The Future?” Simon rubbed his eyes like he would open his eyes and Raphael would no longer be standing there at the foot of his bed giving the movie paused on his computer a bored look. “Like, none of them? Not a single one? There's only *three*. How did you miss this era of the world?”

Raphael crossed his arms. “I don't *care* about your mundane movies, Simon, its time to train.”

Simon scoffed. “No. Absolutely not. I refuse to train with you till you get in this bed and watch at *least* the first Back To The Future.”

“*Simon-*”

He was already rewinding the movie to the beginning with a cheeky smile and patting the spot on the bed next to him. “C'mon. We're doing this. Right now. Lets go.”

Raphael clenched his jaw. “No. You have to train.”

“It's my turn to train *you*.” Simon propped his laptop on the bed and leaned back against the pillows with his arms crossed.

There was a long pause where Raphael looked at Simon with a emotionless stare. “One movie. Then, training.” Simon whooped in success and Raphael made something between an annoyed grunt and a dismal sigh. “Soy demasiado viejo para ese maldito puchero.” He grumbled as he sat next to Simon with a huff.

Simon laughed, “I'm assuming that's you thanking me for this beautiful experience.” He pressed play, got comfortable, and ignored the bad vibes emanating from Raphael.

Around the time Marty Mcfly was ran over by his mom and woke up with her fawning over him, Simon felt his eyes droop. He had been sleeping better since Raphael helped him, but with everything always going on with the Shadowhunters and trying to keep up appearances with his mom by calling her in the middle of the day ‘Just to check in,’ he hadn't been getting much sleep. He felt himself sag a little, yawning and scooting closer to Raphael who didn't say anything in return. By the time Marty's mom invited him to the dance he was asleep.

Simon opened his eyes one time, and he was laying on someones still chest and an arm was wrapped his shoulders to bring him in closer. The end credits of the movie was playing on his computer. He rolled in closer to the firm body, and he only just realized before he fell back asleep that he was snuggling with Raphael.

Simon woke up again a few hours later with the orange sunrays of dusk breaking through his closed curtains and an imprint of a body in his empty bed.

5. Si Lo sé, Yeah I know.

“Are those my jeans?”

Simon whirled around and smiled awkwardly at Raphael. “Uh, no. Well, okay, yes, but I just figured since you let me borrow your suit you wouldn't mind and I don't have any fancy jeans and Magnus is having some kind of party for him and Alec that Clary invited me too and I don't have *anything* to wear and what do you wear to a warlocks party, anyways? But if you want me too I'll take them off right now I-”

“Dios mío, *shut up*.” Raphael rubbed his face and sat on one of those ridiculous gold chairs. “I haven’t had a headache in *years*, but somehow you make me feel like I have one all the time.”

“..So, does that mean I can wear your jeans?”

“Fine, I don’t care.” Raphael rolled his eyes. Simon was seriously starting to worry one day he was gonna roll them so hard they would permanently stick to staring at his brain.

Instead of voicing said worry in the most sarcastic way his voice would allow, Simon kicked his feet together and rubbed his neck. “So...are you going to the party too?”

Raphael did that thing where he raised one eyebrow and somehow made Simon feel like he was three feet tall. “I don’t know. Magnus invited me, I haven’t decided if I wanted to go or not.”

“You should go!” Simon said way, *way* too quickly. He cringed inwardly at himself, then tried again. “I mean, if you want to. You don’t *have* too or anything, but I would feel pretty lame showing up by myself and we could go. Together. Not like, together-together, but like, show up as total Vampire Bros and do our own thing and then leave together. If you want.”

A condescending little smile grew on Raphael’s face. “You want me to go to the party with you?”

“Well, I, you know, as Vampire bros,” Simon sighed. “Yeah. Kinda. I- Do you? Wanna go?”

“Fine.” Raphael stood with a shrug. “I probably would have went anyways. I’ll go get dressed.”

Simon told himself the butterflies in his stomach was nerves due to going to Magnus’ party. He was lying.

People were pouring out of Magnus’ apartment, Downworlders, Mundanes, and Shadowhunters alike. The music was loud and infectious and people with weird colored drinks danced on the makeshift dance floor that was, well, everywhere. Neon was splashed on everyone and lights were flashing and pulsing even though Simon couldn’t tell where they were coming from. Raphael leaned in, and said in Simon’s ear that he was going to get them drinks. Simon nodded and scoped out the place for someone he knew before shooting Clary a text and asking her where the hell she was.

“Aye, you new?” A freakishly tall vampire (Made obvious by the fangs poking into his bottom lip,) dude asked with a smile, nudging Simon as he came up next to him.

Simon told himself that him looking through the crowd for any sign of Raphael was because he was awkward. “Yeah.” He shifted from foot to foot. “Am I that obvious?”

The dude laughed and gave Simon a fake-punch. Wow, he actually looked a lot like Raphael. The same dark hair styled, the same light brown skin with a pale overcast and the same bright red lips. “Nah. I’ve just been doing this for a while.” He leaned in *very* close with a toothy corner of the mouth smile. “You wanna go dance? I can break you into the scene a lil.”

This was another time Simon thanked whoever was out there listening that he had lost the ability to blush. “Uh, I, haha, see, I’m actually kind of-”

Raphael then did the thing where he scared the *shit* out of Simon and appeared out of freaking nowhere. He handed Simon his drink, something that smelled warm and had the distinct trace of blood floating through it, then slid his arm around Simon’s shoulders with practiced ease like they did this all the time. “He’s with me, Diego.”

The dude, now known as Diego, rolled his eyes and sighed. “Of course he is. Él es demasiado bonita para ti, sabes.” Diego looked Simon up and down again, and this time with a sad look. “De Verdad. Él es.”

Raphael turned to look at Simon the same time Simon turned to look at him, and their faces were shockingly close. The arm around his shoulder pulsed out heat even though Raphael himself was non-vampire. To anyone non-vampire would be freezing. “Sí, lo sé.” It was accompanied by an annoyed tone and an almost-glare. Great. Now Raphael was trash talking him in a language he didn’t understand to other people. Yay.

Diego made a sad sound before backing off, storming away almost like a teenager.

Simon’s phone buzzed, and he took it out of his pocket. Somewhere between those two things Raphael’s arm dropped and Simon was left with nothing but a faint tingling behind. He had a text from Clary that simply said; **Shadowhunter emergency. I couldn’t make it. Have fun tho!** with about a thousand confetti emojis and a sad face for good measure. He sighed, tucking the phone back into his pocket and looking up at Raphael who was expectantly staring at him.

“Clary couldn’t make it.”

Anger flashed across Raphael’s face and was gone in a second. He took a big drink, then leaned in even closer than he already was. “Do you want to leave?”

Simon looked around the party, people laughing and dancing and making out on every surface. He didn’t know a single person there. “Yeah. You don’t have to-”

“Dios mio, baby, don’t be so dense.” Raphael grabbed Simon’s wrist and led him out the door. He didn’t let go till they were out on the sidewalk, side by side and close enough that the backs of their hands brushed and their shoulders touched.

They took their time and walked home, the sound of the city serving as a background to their easy conversation. Simon was never more happy to be dead.

+1. The Time He Realized He Was Being Complimented.

“I’m sorry Mom, I really can’t.” Simon was pacing back and forth in his room with his phone pressed firmly to his cheek. “It’s just, it’s just that it’s my turn to cook tonight and I always have an excuse why I can’t, and my room mate would kill me if I-”

“So bring him.” Simon’s Mom’s voice was final and firm. “I’ve wanted to meet him anyways. I can’t just have you living with someone I barely know. I’ll cook dinner.”

Simon stammered, his voice cracking. “Oh, Mom, I don’t know he’s not really a people person and he’s kinda prickly-”

“So it’s set!” His Mom’s voice was filled with excitement, in that pushy I-Just-Want-To-Love-You way only moms could do. “I’ll see you tonight at seven. Rebecca will be there too!” The line clicked off leaving Simon alone with a dial tone and a problem.

Because the universe was truly out to get Simon today, when he bursted into Raphael’s room the guy was just slipping on a black shirt and gave Simon an exasperated look through the neck hole. When he pulled his head through his hair fluffed out in every direction, and he looked like a blowdried angry kitten. “What do you *want*, Simon?” He says testily. Oh, yay! He was in the perfect happy mood to have this conversation. That was sarcasm. Simon’s afterlife sucked.

“Raphael, my friend, my companion, I have to ask you a totally not big deal question that you’re

totally allowed to say no to.” Simon started, but then backpedaled. “Actually, no, you can’t say no, because that would be very bad for me and my health and my mom would probably kill me or something.”

“What?”

“Will you come to dinner with me and pretend to be my room mate?” Simon took in Raphael’s blank face as a good sign, took a deep breath, and; “Like, only for an hour so my mom doesn’t think I’m dead or anything and I really don’t have anyone else to ask because I told her it was someone I had just met and I couldn’t ask Jace or Alec because, because well the hate me and they’re assholes and turns out I actually don’t have tons of male friends? And I really don’t make a lot of friends in my day to day life? I don’t have any other choice and I really just want my mom to think everything’s okay and that I’m not-dying even though, technically, I *am* dead, but I can’t just walk in to dinner and be like ‘Hey, mom, I’m an Edward Cullen wannabe now,’ because I’m pretty sure that would kill her and-”

“Simon!” Raphael sat down on one of the gold couches with a loud, unnecessary sigh. “Fine, I’ll go, just,” He made a *very* dramatic noise. “Silence.”

“Oh, shit, really? Oh my gosh thank you, like so much. Its at seven. So. ” Simon awkwardly waved at Raphael, who grumbled under his breath ‘*Eres injustamente lindo* .’.

Then, an idea hit Simon. He pulled out his phone and typed what Raphael had mumbled the best he could as he left and saved it.

Simon really wasn’t nervous. It was his family, right? Why would he be nervous? He loved his family. They loved him. He had nothing to be nervous about. Its not like they were gonna take one look at him and scream that he was dead and run for the pitchforks and knives. It was chill. He was chill. He was Captain Kirk landing on a Alien Planet with no information at all chill. He was Batman chill. He was Black Widow chill. He. Was. Super. Chill.

When Simons mom opened the door Simon let out a small, high pitched squeak and jumped back like there was a flesh eating monster there. “Simon!” She scolded, frowning at him like she used to when he would play with bugs and bring them inside. “You scared me, oh my god.” Simon flinched. He didn’t mean too, but he did.

Raphael smiled. A real, genuine looking smile and nodded politely at her. “Hi, Mrs Lewis, I’m Raphael Santiago. Simons room mate.”

“Oh, oh my.” The smile his mom gave Raphael gave Simon the skeeves in a way he couldn’t explain. “Oh,” She laughed. “Come in, please! Call me Elaine.”

Things were going horribly.

Elaine was laughing and joking with Raphael who was doing the same back with an easy flow of conversation between them before Becky showed up. Then, with stars in her eyes, Becky had mouthed to Simon *Oh my god, so hot* and then joined the easy conversation. Which was a good thing. It was good. Except; it wasn’t. Elaine and Becky just didn’t *do* Simon having casual friends. If this went as well as it was going right now, they would start inviting them over all the time. Meaning Simon would have to be around. All the time. It would just cause his mom and sister to be in danger all the time. Therefor; terrible.

The table was being set when Elaine smiled at Raphael and took a deep breath. “So, you know so much about us now. Tell me a little about yourself. Whats your family like? Any brothers and sisters?”

The smile on Raphaels face twinged a little. “Ah, yes. My mother is deceased. Unfortunately I didn’t know my father too well.”

“Oh, my gosh.” Becky put a plate down and then sat at the table. “I’m so sorry.”

Elaine got a sad look in her eyes as she put food out; Steak and mashed potatoes. “I’m so sorry, I didn’t mean to bring up a sore subject.”

“It’s fine. She died years ago.” Raphael shrugged. “It’s a pain you get used too.”

Simon felt his family become slightly sombre. “My dad died,” Simon blurted because he really didn’t know where else to go with it. “Heart attack. Well, technically, it could have been the cancer. We weren’t ever exactly sure.”

Raphael looked shocked for a moment, blinked once as he looked at Simon a little funny. “I’m sorry. I didn’t know.”

Silence fell over them for a minute, and Becky coughed. “Wow. Buzz kill. Leave it to the Lewis family to talk about death and bring everyone down.”

“Heh.” Simon laughed, just a little. “Buzz kill. Buzz *kill*. We were talking about death.” Becky lost it laughing, and Simon really couldn’t help but laugh too. Elaine scolded her kids for being so insensitive, but really, they were fine. They always were in the end.

Dinner went off without any more awkward death talk, and it actually wasn’t half bad. Simon sat next to Raphael, who sat next to Elaine, who sat next to Becky, and Simon pushed around his food and pretended to eat the best he could with the excuse of having a big lunch. Raphael on the other hand just straight up ate, but not too much. Apparently vampires could eat a little, but it just didn’t go anywhere except up and out a couple hours later. Something deep inside Simon felt it was slightly romantic that Raphael was willing to throw up for him, but then a much louder voice said it was just keeping up appearances and Simon seriously needed to stop. Deseret was served, Double Chocolate Brownies with vanilla icecream, and Simon could seriously almost cry because that was his freaking *favorite*.

He had to give his Mom some lame excuse of recently finding out about a dairy allergy, but that didn’t stop Raphael from eating a small peice and saying it was absolutely delicious. As the night winded down Simon made it a habit to check his watch and eventually stood and fake-stretched. “We really need to get back. It’s getting late and I have a job interview tomorrow.”

Simon kinda hated how good he was getting at lying. Raphael stood after him and started saying his goodbyes, promising to come back soon and saying what a nice time he had. Simon hugged Becky for a really, really long time and only just then did it hit him how much he had *missed* her. How badly he missed being in this family.

“Oh my gosh, Becks, before I leave I have to ask you something.” Simon fished his phone out of his pocket and pulled up the saved note, shoving it in her hands. “You speak spanish, right? What does this mean?”

Becky frowned at the phone. “Uh, from what I can understand since you miss spelled just about everything, it says *Eres injustamente lindo*, which means ‘You’re unfairly cute.’” She raised her eyebrows, then looked over at Raphael who was by the door waiting for Simon as he talked to Elaine. Her expression went from confused to shocked in 3.2 seconds. “Oh my god. Oh my gosh. You two are totally gettin’ it on!”

Simon froze. “No.” He says simply, then turned back and looked at Raphael. Oh god. He could

almost *definitely* hear every word. Damn super hearing, that was only cool when *Simon* used it to eavesdrop. “No, you, you have to be-”

“I’m definitely not wrong. If you don’t believe me put it through google translate or something.” Becky shoved Simon, hard enough to rock him back despite his new balance. “You total *dork!* Why didn’t you tell me?!”

Simon stared for a minute, then shoved his phone in his pocket. “I have to go. We-I- Raphael!” Simon called, trying his absolute hardest to go at a normal human pace. “Raphael, we have to go. Because we have that thing. You know. The thing. That needs us. Now.”

Ignoring Raphael’s confused look, Simon gave his Mom the quickest goodbye hug of life and ignored the pang of sadness when she told him not to be such a stranger. He rushed out the door and got maybe three feet before grabbing Raphael’s hand and straight booking it, using all superhuman speed he had to get somewhere far enough away. He didn’t go to Dumort, he didn’t go anywhere really, he just kept going until Raphael came to a stop behind him making him stumble a few feet. He looked around, and they were in the middle of nowhere city.

“What the hell-”

Simon took Raphael’s hand again, this time quick stepping at a normal human speed to an alley where they would be out of sight. He took a shaky breath he didn’t need, and just said; “I’m into you!” Wow, okay, he said that a lot louder than necessary.

Raphael blinked. “What?”

“I’m, I’m, yeah. I’m into you, okay? I like your smile and the way you smell and I even like your stupid coats-”(“*They’re not stupid-*”) “-and I think you’re really, really insufferably hot and, yeah. Thats, thats what I think. And I think you’re into me too, because Becks just told me that you said you think I’m cute and I’m suddenly rethinking all those times I thought you insulted me in Spanish and yeah. So. I’m into you.”

Raphael scrunched his eyebrows and stepped forward making Simon take a step back. He cocked his head to the side and just kept stepping forward until Simon was backed up against the wall. Raphael was taking up Simon’s personal space like he owned it in the first place. He put his hands on either side of the wall around Simon’s head and leaned in even *closer* some how, and just said, “Yeah.”

Then, they were kissing. It was fireworks dancing across Simon’s skin. It was heat burning through his body like he had been set on fire. It was the need to get *closer*. It was absolutely everything Simon pictured it would be, except Raphael tasted like Chocolate brownies. Which was *not* a bad thing.

Raphael’s hands went from the wall to cupping Simon’s face and playing with the slightly too-long hair around his ears. He leaned back then, ending it *way* too fast but not leaving Simon high and dry, with one leg between both of Simon’s and one hand on his face and the other moving down to Simon’s hip. Raphael looked down, toying with the strings that hung from the bottom of Simon’s old shirt.

“Let’s go home,” He said, moving the hand from Simon’s face to tightly hold hands.

Simon nodded, still too shocked to use words and he gripped Raphael’s hands back. Raphael laughed, just *barely* and leaned away. “I think I finally found a way to shut you up.”

“Ha-Ha, *very* funny.” Simon pulled his tongue at Raphael and then tugged him a little. “Race you

home?”

Raphael sighed a little, giving Simon a look like you give a three year old right before you tell them they can't keep the puppy that followed them home, before taking off leaving nothing but cold air in his wake. Simon laughed, shaking his head and yelled “*Cheater!*” *before running after him.*

Running through the city streets after Raphael and laughing so hard he almost tripped a couple times, Simon realized that he really didn't need a heartbeat to feel alive.

Not as long as he had Raphael.

End Notes

also i have a tumblr; geckette for all yall who wanna scream abt these homos and discuss everything abt them

Works inspired by this one

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